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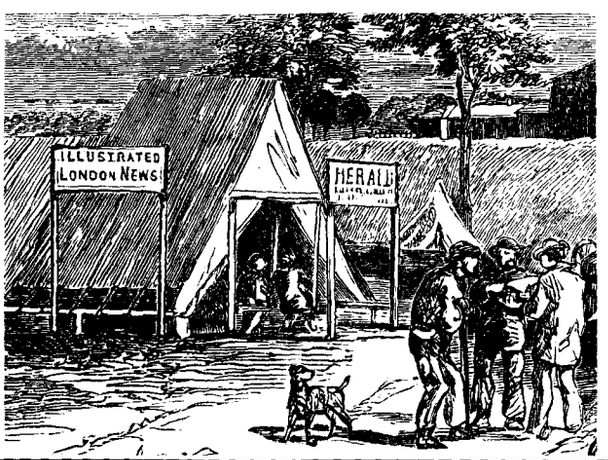

An exclusive report from Vietnam by Tom Fox

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CORRESPONDENCE

Pro-draft Hooliganism?

Pawtucket, R.I.

To the Editors: I don't know for sure if John Deedy is in agreement with the sympathy so often expressed in the pages of *Commonweal* for actions like those of the Catonsville 9 or the Milwaukee 14. But I'll bet he is. And if he is, then he is being rather inconsistent in deploring as "hooliganism" the theft of the membership list of the War Resisters League [*News & Views,* June 6].

When a Catonsville-Milwaukee sympathizer (i.e., Mr. Deedy, if the shoe fits) says pro-draft hooliganism is wicked, he must think it's wicked not because it's hooliganism but because it's pro-draft. For he obviously believes anti-draft hooliganism (e.g., Milwaukee and Catonsville) is a fine and noble thing. Such a one ought not, of course, to use the word "hooliganism" at all, for the word plainly denotes an action which is in itself reprehensible. He should find some neutral word, since he obviously believes the destruction of other people's files is in itself neither good nor bad, but gets its whole moral quality from the end it is directed to.

People who get into the habit of endorsing illegal acts ordered to *good* ends should never forget that such a habit has social consequences, not the least important of which is to encourage other people to perform illegal acts ordered to *bad* ends. And when that happens the "good guys" (like Mr. Deedy—and like me, for I confess that I too sympathize with the 9 and the 14) no longer have the right to deplore the fact that the "bad guys" have resorted to "hooliganism." DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.

REPLY

Hooliganism is negative, abusive action, with no definition in terms of prophesy and social criticism, and this is the point of difference between the raid on the War Resisters League and the deeds of the Catonsville-Milwaukee people. In other words, motive and intent do, in given circumstances, alter existential fact to transform seemingly lawless conduct into acts of witness. This is, in fact, the defense of the Catonsville-Milwaukee people—and one lesson of the biblical story of the violence used by Christ to protect the integrity of the temple. JOHN DEEDY

Stacking the Deck

Woodside, N.Y.

To the Editors: Philip Tracy wrote in "Billy Graham Plays the Garden" [July 25]: "In a city where 'I Am Curious' plays to a packed house six months after everyone has called it garbage, any man of God is playing against a loaded deck."

Can Tracy name five magazines and/or newspapers of New York city which said "I Am Curious" is garbage? *Commonweal* did not.

I agree that the deck is loaded but I am convinced that the cards were marked by magazines such as *Commonweal.* . . . MICHAEL DEANE

REPLY

Apropos "I Am Curious" Philip Hartung wrote among other disclaimers [May 23]: "Perhaps it is important in the history of cinema censorship; but it has very little other value." From this to "garbage" is a not impossible metaphorical leap. Must we all be so direct? THE EDITORS

Lynd's Lessons

Baltimore

To the Editors: Of Staughton Lynd's five lessons drawn from the abortive May revolution in France [Commonweal, June 6], the fifth lesson seems more likely to have been drawn from Lynd's philosophy of nonviolence—more a logical proposition buttressed by his philosophical bias than a critical analysis supported by the actual events of May 68.

His mistaken notions on the possibility of nonviolent revolution in an advanced industrial society seem to derive from: (1) a vagueness with respect to what constitutes a vanguard party and its revolutionary role; (2) his view of the exact nature of the near-revolution.

Lynd's fourth lesson points out that "the revolutionary process requires coordinating mechanisms and a national body [. . .] but does not require a Leninist vanguard party," though he earlier states that "the necessary changes in the Leninist model may be better expressed quantitatively, than by the either-or choices on which Cohn-Bendit insists." If Cohn-Bendit "overstates his case" for his objection to a vanguard party, as Lynd contends (and I agree with Lynd), then Lynd fails to make a consistent case of his own. How, for instance, do coordinating mechanisms and a national body differ from a vanguard party? Doesn't Lynd himself overstate the case at one point when, in criticizing SDS's tendency to conclude that revolution requires a Leninist party, he contends that the participants in the near-revolution "have tended to conclude just the reverse"? What is this but an either-or choice which throws us right back on Cohn-Bendit's formulation?

The truth of the matter is that Lynd is overly busy keeping both Cohn-Bendit (no vanguard party) and SDS (the Leninist model of a vanguard party) at arms length, and thus neglects to make a consistent argument of his own. His theory that "the necessary changes in the Leninist model may be better expressed quantitatively" (by which he means less centralized and hierarchical) does not suggest to me "just the reverse." In caviling at SDS's murky rhetoric, he seems to have sacrificed clarity. Glucksmann, on whose arguments Lynd leans heavily (as well as Andre Gorz and Ernest Mandel, who writes articles in the same issue of *New Left Notes,* but whom Lynd does not mention), claims there is no single model of the revolutionary party, but a closer reading conveys the definite impression that all three critics—Glucksmann, Gorz, and Mandel—have in mind a defense of the Leninist model (though modified)

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against the Stalinist model—a defense which bristles in polemics against what they scornfully describe as the reformist or parliamentary "cretinism" of the P.C.F. In other words, they are very clearly engaged in a revival of Marxism-Leninism (the spirit) in defense against the rigid orthodoxies and schemas (the dead letter) that have dominated the politics and ideology of the Communist parties of the West. Lynd seems not to have understood that this is the main thrust of their arguments.

All three writers see a vanguard party and a provisional political leadership as indispensable, and Mandel further clarifies the matter when he says that "the revolutionary vanguard is not yet a party." In other words, a revolutionary vanguard does not provide the organization and theory which are necessary for making a revolution.

This brings us to our main objection to Lynd's fifth lesson—the possibility of a nonviolent or unviolent revolution. Failing to distinguish between a revolutionary vanguard and revolutionary party and failing to suggest even the need for redefinition of the relationship of vanguard to party and both to the rank-and-file, Lynd takes a far more optimistic view of the May revolution in France than do Glucksmann, Gorz, Mandel, and others.

The crux of the matter is in the wording—"near-revolution." It is not so much a question of *How* near was it? as *What* is it that was near? Lynd uncritically accepts Lichtheim's view that "France today would have had a socialized economy." Glucksmann, in Lynd's quote, says no more than "state power would have collapsed." Now, there is a world of difference between "the government would have fallen" and "France would now be socialist." "It is more than probable that the Gaullist regime could have been overthrown," Gorz writes, *"But that the capitalist system could have been swept aside* [. . .] *is an untenable thesis* [. . .] (emphasis mine). For this to happen, a party capable of mobilizing the majority of the proletariat is needed (Mandel), and Glucksmann goes much further: "A rev-

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GERMS, ANYONE?

The specter of chemical-bacteriological warfare has been raised and will not disappear easily. First there were the 6000 sheep at Dugway, Utah, dead in a nerve gas accident that could as well have killed 6000 or 60,000 human beings. Then last month, contamination spread along the Rhine through West Germany and into the Netherlands, killing fish by the millions, and one early guess was that the poison was nerve gas jettisoned by the Nazis and now escaping from corrosion-holed containers. As it turned out, a chemical insecticide rather than nerve gas was responsible for the Rhine plague, but even so, the incident again illustrates the deadly potency of the elements man is now using so carelessly. If fish can die by the thousands and the millions, why not children? Small wonder that public concern in the United States over experiments in chemical and bacteriological warfare continues to grow.

One good example of this new attitude was provided by the Senate Armed Services Committee early in July. Normally this body turns a highly sympathetic ear to requests from the military. This time around, however, the Committee crossed the Pentagon up and eliminated the funds requested for the development of offensive uses of chemical and bacteriological agents. True, the cut was in some ways purely symbolic, involving only $16 million in a program that gobbles up about $350 million a year. Nevertheless, the reduction was the first specific effort to trim a project hitherto largely secret, and it is very welcome as such.

Some of the concern over chemical and biological weapons is undoubtedly part of a larger worry over the spiraling arms race and the growing power of the military. Thus at the end of June the *New York Times* front-paged a report that the influence of the Joint Chiefs is already appreciably higher in the Nixon Administration than it was in Mr. Johnson's, when it was not inconsiderable. Despite this growing influence of the military establishment, though, public concern over chemical and bacteriological weapons is politically potent, and Mr. Nixon responded to it by ordering a sweeping review of government policy in this matter. Included will be a long overdue

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consideration of the United States position on the 1925 Geneva ban on the offensive use of such weapons, ratified by sixty nations but not by the United States.

Much of the credit for this Nixon move undoubtedly should go to Representative Richard P. McCarthy of the state of New York, a warning by whom on the subject of germ and chemical warfare appeared in these pages on June 6. Congressman McCarthy has almost singlehandedly alerted the nation to the dangers involved in manufacturing, stockpiling and transporting such weapons; it was he who exposed and ultimately upset Army plans to ship 800 freight cars of lethal gas clear across the country for eventual disposal in the Atlantic Ocean—a scheme so perilous and hare-brained that it died once it was exposed to daylight. Anyone who asks what a single Congressman can do might well look to the example of Congressman McCarthy.

But the McCarthy victory has not led to a military white flag, by any means. The Defense Dept. has always been most secretive about its chemical and biological experiments—only when there was no escape from the obvious, for example, did the Army reluctantly concede that yes, Virginia, military nerve gas did in fact kill those 6000 sheep at Dugway, after 14 months of protesting total innocence. Similarly, under prodding by a House Government Operations subcommittee, the Pentagon recently admitted for the first time that it was carrying out open-air nerve gas tests, not at one but at three different areas of the United States—the Dugway sheep slaughter site in Utah, Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland and Fort McClellan in Alabama. Last fall it was disclosed that the Army had stored in its Rocky Mountain Arsenal more than 100 billion lethal doses of nerve gas; three percent of that amount, scientists estimated, would be enough to kill the entire population of the world. Then late in July came the discovery that for years artillery shells and bombs loaded with the deadly nerve gas have been shipped to major U.S. bases overseas—news hardly calculated to improve relationships with wavering allies. As for germ warfare, exactly what the military's efforts in this line of endeavor involve and where they are taking place has not been revealed by the Pentagon. Given the record on gas, who knows how many relatives Dr. Strangelove has in the germ business?

It is in this context that one must view the recent United Nations report on chemical and biological arms and the message by Secretary General U Thant accompanying it, urging that all nations "achieve their effective elimination from the arsenal of weapons." Arguing that all countries should cease developing and stockpiling instruments of chemical and bacteriological warfare, the UN experts unanimously agreed: "Were these weapons ever to be used on a large scale in war, no one can predict how enduring the effects would be, and how they would affect the structure of society and the environment in which we live."

The absolute rightness of the position taken by U Thant and the UN is so obvious that it is hard to imagine rational argument against it. While the world rejoices at the victory over polio and hopes for a cure for cancer, while some of our best minds search for cures for malignant diseases of all sorts, other men—subsidized by the American taxpayer—work to create deadly diseases and new ways to spread them. If such warfare ever becomes reality, plagues worse than man has ever known before could lay waste most of the "civilized" world; for millions, death might then come as a welcome release. Is this the way Western culture is to come to an end—with the last gasp of an artificially induced Black Death, perhaps?

Any sane man must say no to such a prospect. Thus Britain recently submitted to the Geneva Disarmament Conference a proposal that would go beyond the original Geneva Convention's ban by prohibiting the development, production or use of such weapons "in any circumstances." It would also require that within three months existing bacteriological and chemical stockpiles be destroyed or, if that is possible, converted to peaceful uses. The British plan represents all-out indictment, which is, surely, the only way to approach germ and chemical warfare—not with if's and maybe's but with a flat, uncompromising never. This, we urge, should be the American position. As for those who argue otherwise, pleading that the time may come when the United States will want to scatter, say, a few bubonic plague germs among our opponents, there is only one answer: a country that would use such weapons is not worth defending, for it has already relapsed into barbarism.

THE MOON GAME

The première of Apollo 11—a 24-billion-dollar home movie starring Neil, Buzz and Mike as your friendly neighborhood astronauts and Richard Nixon marvelously cast as our proud-as-punch President—opened to rave reviews, proving once again that human banality has not yet escaped the drag of the earth. Some notices:

"Hot diggety dog"—Walter Cronkite.

"We are willing *voyeurs* on a hot night in July, praying, waiting, knowing that beyond the moon lies August"—Rod McKuen.

"For the astronauts are our flesh and bone, nearer to common people than to the self-appointed elitists who make shrill noises on campuses, and in the literary and intellectural cliques of Manhattan and San Francisco"—Eric Hoffer.

"Now our horizons are virtually limitless. If man can walk on the moon, he can look to the planets and beyond the solar system as Columbus must have looked across a forbidding ocean"—Henry Ford.

"I'm talking to you by telephone from the Oval Room

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at the White House, and this certainly has to be the most historic telephone call ever made"—Mr. Nixon.

True grit, all of it, and a bargain at only one-quarter the price of Vietnam.

Lunar heretics were somewhat trifling in their disbelief. Social activist Saul Alinsky, who could scarcely be expected to dance on the occasion of such wrong-way subsidy, sagely excepted himself from the tiresome this-worldliness of his soul brothers. Alinsky's reaction was not useless lament for billions irretrievably spent, but rather black humor despairing of the whole scene. He wrote in the moon edition of the *New York Times* [July 21], where the rest of these quotes are stored, that Apollo 11's success "represents a major opportunity for the Administration to go to the moon." He also expressed hope that the South Vietnamese government would tag along. But then how long, do you suppose, would it be before Vietnamese astronauts could take over from American moonmen?

So it goes: neo-isolationists against inter-galactics. According to the second section front-page headlines of the same *Times,* the boys from this earth were having a heck of a time getting their team together: "Wheeler Detects No Peace Signal In Vietnam Lull"; "Air-Land Battle Rages 4 Hours Along Suez"; "City's Spending Triples In Decade, Problems Grow, Civic Unit Says." If this losing streak continues, however, there won't be anyone around to play land-on-the-planets. And that's the score.

Black Power, Municipal Style

On July 7, Charles Evers and 11 other newly-elected black officials took over as mayor and aldermen of Fayette, Mississippi, population 1600, from the white politicians they defeated in May. They face the almost solid hostility of the white community.

Fayette, like dozens of other Southern towns, is drying up. Ever since the Mississippi River changed course 50 years ago, a steady outmigration, mostly of whites, has drained people away. The town has no industry, unemployment runs 65 percent to 75 percent. Evers, in a campaign aimed at appealing to both races, promised to change all this, to bring in industry and revive the flagging economy, or to resign within a year. But his appeal failed to win over people like Mrs. Marie F. Walker, editor of the four-page weekly segregationist *Fayette Chronicle.* "Now it's up to him to produce," she says. "Of course, it remains to be seen if the niggers will work even if he gets industry in here."

Evers and his fellow office-holders are a dozen of the growing ranks of Negroes winning public posts in the South. The Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Projects reports 460 Negroes now holding elective office —mayors, sheriffs, school board members—in 11 Southern states compared to 72 in 1965. The states that fought Negro voting hardest have the most—Mississippi has 68, Alabama 71.

Except for Evers, head of Mississippi's NAACP and brother of slain leader Medgar Evers, and Georgia's Julian Bond, none of these new officials attract the attention focused on such national Negro spokesmen as Cleveland's Carl Stokes, Gary's Richard Hatcher or Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke. But their elections, made possible largely under the 1965 voting rights act, have both practical impact in their communities and symbolic significance for the South.

They are the fruit of the growth of Negro voting strength. In parts of the South, mostly the larger cities, their performance in office hopefully contributes to relaxing white hostility toward Negroes. At least, state senator Leroy Johnson, Georgia's first black elected official, thinks this is happening. "No longer do most whites consider the Negro a dumb, lazy, do-nothing," he feels. "They have seen us perform in various offices throughout the country and the old image has been pretty well shattered."

Voter Education Project research director Marvin Wall adds, "Negroes have an increased influence in Southern elections, all the way up to the state level. We have found that the hostility and deviousness of white officials usually decrease as Negro registration increases."

But the Evers' slate victory has brought no changes like this to Fayette. For one thing, it was no surprise since Negroes outnumber whites two to one. The election did nothing to cool racial antagonism; if anything, it inflamed it.

Evers can expect little if any cooperation from outgoing officials or from Jefferson County. The county school board even refused to allow the new officials use of the high school for installation ceremonies. Few whites talk with blacks and many whites are threatening to pack up and leave. In Fayette, the blacks haven't yet learned, as have blacks in big-city ghettos, to say "good riddance." "We don't want this to become another black town," says one of the aldermen.

Such opposition, of course, will make Evers' task more difficult even though his success would benefit everybody

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 22, September 5, and September 19. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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in the town, black and white. At best, his administration take-over would have been traumatic if only because the new officials have an average education of only the 6th grade. None had even voted prior to 1965, much less participated in government.

Since failure would encourage the bigots, Evers is looking for outside help. He found some in a civil rights group called the Scholarship, Education, Defense Fund for Racial Equality. A spin-off of CORE, SEDFRE is providing training and other assistance to the new office-holders. On a recent week-end, it gathered the 12 officials at the Holiday Inn in Natchez which Evers was barred from entering 5 years ago. In elementary terms, the SEDFRE group explained the ins and outs of holding office. At a mock council meeting, the new officials grappled with problems, from hammering out budget priorities to coping with complaints about unleashed dogs. Facts about taxation, bonds, law enforcement, zoning were crammed into sessions that ran from 8:30 in the morning until past midnight for three days.

"We'll stay with these officials for six or seven months," says James L. Felder, director of SEDFRE's technical assistance program. "It's rough on them but we feel they need it."

SEDFRE is working in other Southern towns, and in Gary, Indiana. It is also helping a group of Mexican-American school board members from southwestern states. SEDFRE president Marvin Rich, formerly of CORE, insists emphasis is on helping the new office-holder determine his town's own needs and priorities, not indoctrinating him. SEDFRE is also mindful of the tendency of minority-group elected representatives to jump into political ball-playing and forget why they were elected. "We try to cultivate a sense of accountability," he says, "by which we mean keeping the ties between elected officials and their constituency very close." And while the Southern black official has a lot to learn, Mrs. Shirley Lacy, SEDFRE training director, believes he needs not just facts, "but a sense of what are the choices, the possibilities open to him, not just to do his job, but what can be done."

Evers talks, at any rate, as though much can be done. He has already contacted several major companies about putting plants in Fayette and at least one says it might do so. He also says he will obtain more federal money for the town.

Efforts to woo new industry may arouse scepticism in Fayette but it pleases some businessmen in the state capital, Jackson, about an hour's drive away. They remember the hurtful publicity that racial violence brought the state a few years ago and do not want any more trouble jeopardizing their vigorous industrial development efforts. Robert Guyton, senior vice president of Jackson's Deposit Guaranty National Bank thinks Negroes' entering politics may benefit the state economically. "I think an integrated government removes a lot of the uncertainty as far as industry is concerned," he says. "It provides a much more stable atmosphere." Tom B. Scott, president of Jackson's First Federal Savings & Loan Assn. sounds a similar note. "Because of his connections, Evers could make Fayette a showplace. I think he is going to be a great help to Fayette and to Mississippi."

The question now is when will this message filter down to Fayette? JACK E. PATTERSON

(Jack E. Patterson, a previous contributor, is a member of the staff of Business Week.*)*

The Seminary That Won't Quit

For Sale

Large, spacious, lodge-like residence on 40 acres. Pool, golf-course included. Large, church-like hall suitable for gatherings. Kitchen and dining hall facilities. 200 sleeping rooms, without bath. Terms.

Whoever said that new jobs are being created at such a pace that today's graduate has no way of knowing where his career will lie was right. The marketing of expendable Catholic real estate is one such job, as dioceses, religious orders and the like are disposing of the seminaries, novitiates, and houses of study suddenly no longer in use. A large number of these items were built within the past decade or so in response to the boom in vocations that seemed, in the late '50s, as if it would continue forever. The asking figures are high, but as any investor knows, when a land monopoly tries to unload, it depresses its own prices.

The reality contrasts strangely with the decision this spring by Detroit's Cardinal John F. Dearden about what to do with the institution and premises of Cardinal Mooney Latin School, the high school branch of the diocesan minor seminary. The new building for the Latin School, running to pattern, was built some seven years ago. It is a fine plant, cheery and educationally well-equipped. But enrollment had tumbled since its opening, from a 9th grade class of nearly 200 to a prospective 50 for this coming fall.

Even while enrollments held, an ambitious and progressive attempt was underway to change the old high school program from its "formation" theme of protection and seclusion of the young aspirants to a more socially involved, broad program of Christian leadership. The seminary is located near 12th street in Detroit's inner-city, not far, in fact, from the riot area of summer, 1967. Prominent on one of the campus' corners, indeed, is the

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blackened statue of Christ—blackened by the rioters, whitened by the offended seminary staff, and blackened again by persuasion of the small faculty faction which was urging the leadership curriculum and community involvement.

All the circumstances suggested that the combination of internal reform in the program and organized response to the seminary's inner-city neighborhood augured well for the future of the institution. As vocations dropped nationally, the high-school program at Sacred Heart Seminary would become the kind of leadership school from which priests *might* come, but out of which would be graduated young Christians versed and practiced in helping with the problems and hopes of the new society. The proposal being formed even renamed the school "Kennedy-King School of Leadership" and prospects looked good.

Careful progressiveness has been the watchword of Dearden's post-conciliar tenure in Detroit, and in spite of seniority and qualifications conflict between Archdiocesan Opportunity Program (AOP) and Washington's OEO, the image of the diocese on social levels was good. Various administrative reforms were also encouraging. The "Chancery" was gone; the synod was real; laymen and religious alike had better representation in the structure, including the presence of a nun high enough in the Vicariate for Religious to represent well both brothers and sisters. So the emergence of an idea for an enlightened plan in the high school seminary, progressive but careful, made it seem the real estate office might be spared the task of trying to figure out what to do with the plant when vacant chairs closed it down.

Two crises emerged late last fall, however. Dissimilar and even rival as they were, their solutions eventually merged to form the basis for the Cardinal's decision to order the seminary to backtrack. The first was unfavorable reaction by conservative laymen and clergy to the kind of publicity the seminary was getting. This included accounts, with pictures, of African dances on the seminary altars, free-swinging folk masses, the dating permitted the young boys, and so on. The critics wanted the seminary "the way it used to be."

The second was the deficit, which ranged, depending on how it was reckoned, from $100,000 to $800,000 yearly. It looked, for instance, as if the future would have some 25 faculty instructing some 100 to 200 students. The threat here was not to return the seminary to what it used to be, but to close it.

A liberal faction argued that, in accord with more recent views on the values of seminary life, the place *should* be closed. Thus, they sided ironically with the suggestion to close which arose from the accountants' books.

The conservatives wanted the seminary to stay; the extreme liberals, the designers of the "new" seminary, wanted it to stay. In a paroxysm of political intent and misfire, the Cardinal issued the directive that the seminary would remain open for the wrong reasons, that it would follow, among the options, the one which restricts entrance to those who express a wish to study for the priesthood. The leadership program was junked. So, too, was the effect it had on admissions, which had been accepting many who wanted to attend, but had no particular wish to enter the priesthood at all.

How long the place will stay open on these terms, no one can say. The most common guess is another year. Enrollment goes down; deficit goes up. Four of the priest faculty, good ones, the ones responsible for the "new" program, have quit. For the time being, however short that may be, Mooney Latin School of Sacred Heart Seminary is returning to the monastery garden, cultivating "formation" in the midst of an activist and secular city. What the Cardinal and his seminary advisers have next in mind, those who dreamed a bit about what a school it might have been will have to wait and see. Real estate, however—even used Catholic real estate—as everyone knows moves slowly, very slowly, in the inner city.

JOHN MAHONEY

(John Mahoney is a member of the English Dept. in the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Detroit.)

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EL SALVADOR AGAINST HONDURAS

THE GREAT FÚTBOL WAR

El Salvador

The unphoney war between El Salvador and Honduras has been abuilding for many years. But only in the past few weeks have Central American nerves been stretched into open and declared conflict. The guns of July were loaded on the evening of June 26 when diplomatic relations were broken. In a sharply-worded note, Salvadorean Minister of Foreign Affairs Francisco José Guerrero officially accused Honduras of complicity in acts of rape and murder and the expulsion of thousands of citizens of El Salvador from Honduras in a manner that amounted to genocide.

While this statement may be somewhat exaggerated, anyone in this capital city of San Salvador can see the truck loads of pitiful refugees arriving daily from the border region. These people, many of them prosperous businessmen or farmers in Honduras, have nothing save whatever goods they could tie into a bundle and carry

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on the truck. They tell of considerable brutality, both official and personal on the part of Hondurans. Many saw their homes burned or their shops looted in a land where they had sometimes lived for as much as twenty years.

On the face of it, the Honduran government of General Oswaldo López Arellano seems to be at fault. But the quarrel has deep and complicated roots. Probably the longest standing obstacle to permanent peace is the disputed border. El Salvador is bounded on the West by Guatemala, on the South by the Pacific and its long Northern and Eastern frontiers are with Honduras. The Honduran border has never been defined and in that rough region of tropical forests and high volcanic mountains there are many villages and towns claimed by both countries. In times of concord, a compromise has been worked out pragmatically so that border posts could be set up, but in times of tension the lack of a defined frontier can spell trouble.

Ironically, good intentions of the Central American Common Market have escalated tensions. The reason for this misadventure stems from the underdeveloped nature of the five partners. All are agricultural countries depending on one or two export crops for the bulk of their foreign trade. In the case of Salvador these crops are coffee, which largely goes to the United States and Germany, and cotton which goes to Japan. There was, and is, very little trade between the Common Market countries. Further, what trade obtains has tended to favor the three more developed partners, Guatemala, El Salvador and Costa Rica, rather than the primitive agricultural states of Nicaragua and Honduras.

Further, large numbers of Salvadoreans have been migrating into Honduras especially since the establishment of the Common Market. El Salvador is the smallest, and most densely populated of the Central American states. Its population is reproducing rapidly and at the present rate would double every twenty years. Conservative and Catholic, El Salvador has shown little interest in lowering the birth boom. Honduras, on the other hand, is relatively empty. With a single identification card, a Salvadorean could migrate to Honduras and establish residence. It is not surprising then that many thousands have taken advantage of this situation.

The people of El Salvador are called the "Japanese of Central America," which means they are willing to work harder for less than other people and that they are handy with tools and balance sheets. The relatively easygoing people of Honduras have seen many of the best jobs in the country snatched by these "foreigners."

Honduras' unsteady regime has capitalized on this resentment to manufacture a quarrel with the sinister intent of uniting its citizens against El Salvador. The first serious incident occurred a little over a year ago when a Salvadorean army patrol on maneuver blundered across the border and was interned for some months by Honduras. To get its men back the Salvadorean government of President Fidel Sánchez Hernández was forced to release a highly connected Honduran badman accused of a number of Salvadorean murders. El Salvador lost a large quantity of military equipment and a tremendous amount of prestige in this affair.

Oddly enough, one of the principal sore spots in the present crisis is the game of fútbol, or soccer. Honduras and El Salvador played a three-game series for the Central American championship and the right to participate further in World Championship competition. The first game was held in Honduras and, naturally, Honduras won. The second game was played in El Salvador June 15. The Salvadorean crowd took no chances. For two nights they serenaded the visiting team in the Gran Hotel with fireworks and sirens to make sure they were properly rested for the game. The visiting Honduran fans got hopping mad. In the two days of rioting before the game three people were gunned down. El Salvador won the rather anti-climactic game, 3-0.

Although there had been a few expulsions before, it wasn't until June 16 that massive violence broke out against Salvadoreans in Honduras. On the 26th, after ten days of violent incidents, the papers announced the death of the Salvadorean vice-consul in Tela, Honduras, murdered by the crowd when he tried to prevent them from looting his home. This combined with all the other killings, lootings and mean atrocities finally forced El Salvador to recall its ambassador and break relations. The next night, El Salvador won the final soccer game in Aztec Stadium, Mexico City, 3-2.

In San Salvador the crisis has served to unite the masses behind Sánchez Hernández, quasi-dictatorial government. Only the extreme left, mainly represented by the Association of Salvadorean University Students and the Revolutionary Party, remain unimpressed. About the time the soccer game began in Mexico on the night of June 27, a monster rally in San Salvador's Libertad Park was breaking up. At this meeting of the left-wing coalition tall, scholarly Fabio Castillo, former rector of the University of El Salvador, former 1967 presidential candidate, and head of the Revolutionary Party, was outlining his theory on the crisis. To Dr. Castillo it appeared that there was no real quarrel between the people of El Salvador and the people of Honduras. This crisis was fabricated to prop up both reactionary regimes. The real hostility lay between the two rival "have" classes on both sides of the border. What El Salvador should do, declared Castillo and the other speakers, is concentrate on internal reform, so that many thousands of Salvadoreans will not have to leave their homeland in search of a decent living.

Of such things Central American wars are made.

THOMAS P. ANDERSON

(Thomas P. Anderson is an American currently in El Salvador.)

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PAPAL INFALLIBILITY AND ALL THAT

John XXIII broke the pattern, even by his style

JORDAN BISHOP

Ninety-nine years of infallibility, formally recognized and proclaimed, and Paul VI speaks almost darkly of schism, of rebellious priests and lay people crucifying the Church. The tempest raised by *Humanae Vitae* has passed, but the wreckage left in its wake is there for all to see. A bishop from India has questioned the dogma of infallibility, and radicals question the theology with which the good bishop did this. A Roman Congregation attacks Ivan Illich with a procedure which has been described as medieval, but a student of medieval legal procedure wonders if they could have been quite so capricious in their exercise of authority in the Middle Ages. Occasionally people still talk about the Council, but people in high places appear to be busy saving the Church from "Conciliar" movements and theologies. Half a world cheered *Populorum Progressio* but in Bogotà Paul VI left no doubt that in his mind revolution should depend on the goodheartedness of the rich rather than on the fury of the masses.

The problem of authority is still central, and it is hardly a simple problem. This writer recalls one bishop who possessed a very clear vision of the Church: the pope tells the bishops what to do, the bishops tell the priests, and the priests tell the people. It won't wash, and people speak of rebellion.

One wonders how we ever got into a vision of the Gospel and of the Church in which authority assumed such importance. The sixteenth-century controversies on faith and good works seem particularly irrelevant today, but the roots of our authority crisis may be somewhere here, somewhere in the exaggerated emphasis on merit and doing good works that dominated the fifteenth century and against which Luther rebelled. His own hangup —the security of salvation—is very much present on both sides of a controversy that pushed authority, either of the Bible or of the Church, into a dominant role in the life of Christians.

If one is to do good works and merit the joys of heaven after the miseries of present existence, it is vitally important to know that one is on the right track. If one is haunted by the question of individual salvation, there is a tremendous need for reassurance. In either case, an appeal to authority of one kind or another results in a security that is jealously guarded. India's Bishop Simons is right in rejecting the kind of security that flows naturally from the system: faith is not the conclusion of a syllogism that begins with rational knowledge of God and ends with the pope's speaking on any imaginable subject. A cynic might have a difficult time finding any infallible doctrine that could not be conveniently reinterpreted when the going is rough, and since 1870 theologians have built so many fences around the doctrine that it is hardly a real problem.

Nevertheless, its proclamation has given rise, in the post-1870 Church, to a very real problem that is still with us. The doctrine itself, and the few occasions when it may have been called into play, seems almost irrelevant: one searches in vain for its application to points that classical theologians regarded as "beliefs necessary for salvation." But it has given birth to numerous progeny of doubtful legitimacy.

After 1870, not a few theologians opined that never again would we need a Council, and when we got one, its greatest impact was not in the area of things infallible. The doctrine served to reinforce an authoritarian vision

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of Christianity in the Church. No theologian would recognize the infallibility of a parish priest or of a sister teaching religion in the parish school, but in practice the aura of infallibility at the top and an authority-centered religion at all levels made the parish priest nearly as infallible, in his own domain, as the pope in his, and perhaps more so—theologians were not occupied in building fences around the authority of the parish priest.

A centuries-old process of bureaucratic centralization was also caught up in the aura of newly proclaimed infallibility. Of course, no one claimed that the Roman congregations were infallible, but they often acted as if they were, and infallible or not, the "perfect society" ideology pits a Church which unconsciously accepted Renaissance despotism as its model for the exercise of authority. Bishops in the boondocks might or might not have their own ideas about the pastoral needs of the territory entrusted to them, but many of them still feel that this reality is defined better by Roman decree than by what they hear and see in their dioceses.

Examples

Examples abound. In Bolivia, the inefficacy of a system of minor seminaries coupled with the post-Tridentine model of the priesthood is amply demonstrated in a constant measurable decline in the number of native priests, not in the wake of "conciliar unrest," but consistently over the past hundred years. As late as 1965 Rome was still insisting on building more minor seminaries in Bolivia, and the need for them was defined by authority, with no reference to the concrete reality or to the local situation. The post-Tridentine model of the priesthood was, until recently, given an almost dogmatic value, and even in the Council a serious consideration of the theology of pastoral service in the Church was somehow evaded.

In a number of instances the conservative orthodoxy of the Roman Curia has mounted power plays to impose a particular, unilateral ideology in questions that are either political or open to discussion. One need only list the names of a few reviews: *Maintenant, Frères du Monde, de Linie, de Bazuin, New Blackfriars.* While these incidents are disturbing, perhaps the most tragic thing is that there is no need to question the good faith of the people behind the power plays. The power of the authoritarian ideology, the habit of defining truth by authority, the mantle of infallibility, itself well-defined, casting an ill-defined shadow over the whole Roman Curia, and the frantic rejection of anything that menaces the security of an authoritarian vision of Christianity, all contribute to a hard-shell ideology that is exceedingly difficult to break.

One would like to know how much critical attention was really given to denunciations in the case of Ivan Illich. Medieval canon law prescribed the *lex talionis* in the case of unproven accusations: that is to say, if the accuser failed to prove his case, he himself was subject to the penalty. The same medieval law prescribed that the accusers be sworn in the presence of the accused, although this was not required in the case of the Inquisition where accusers were in real danger (understandably at times) of violent reprisal from friends of the accused.

Barbarous as they were at times, the middle ages were less autocratic in their vision of authority than the modern Church has been: our models are Renaissance princes, not medieval kings. The confusion is understandable: it has not been too long since the popes themselves *were* Renaissance princes. One should hasten to add that the unquestioned moral stature of the last hundred years of popes has made the ideology easier to bear, but today the paradigm is breaking up, and we are faced with the painful process of finding another.

There is no question of blame here, although if one had to identify a culprit, John XXIII would be good for a start. With Pius XII we were at the apex of the post-1870 papacy. I do not know that he ever gave an allocution on the Christian dimensions of the sex life of crocodiles, but had a group of scientists engaged in research on the question solicited an audience he probably would have done so. There were, of course, few if any claims to infallibility in the strict sense, but doctrinal pronouncements abounded and the habit was formed of having things carefully defined from the top.

John XXIII broke this pattern, even in the style of his encyclicals. "Pastoral directives" replace "doctrinal principles" to a great extent, and the latter were taken from tradition rather than "defined" by John himself. The important thing is that such a thing as "pastoral directives" appears at all: the change is from the essentialist passion for definitions to pastoral directives in a changing world.

Nevertheless, Pope John cannot be blamed for the collapse of the paradigm. It was somewhat unilateral in the first place, and the authority-fixed Church has been very much on the defensive for years. One recalls the elaborate defense of the right to speak at all that for a time was part of "the social doctrine of the Church." The defensive attitude was manifested in a striking way in the removal from circulation of Yves Congar's *Vraie et fausse réforme dans l'Eglise,* whose preface contains one of the most moving witnesses of loyalty to the Church that I have ever seen. But perhaps they were right in a sense: even to broach the question of reform in the Church, or to suggest that there might be a need for it, or to discuss seriously the relationship between science and authority in the Church, constitutes a threat to the authoritarian paradigm.

It is, I think, important to understand just how far this goes and how tragic it is for those who are caught up in it. This kind of authority appears to be intimately related to a certain kind of security, and even a questioning of the forms of authority, or of institutions developed

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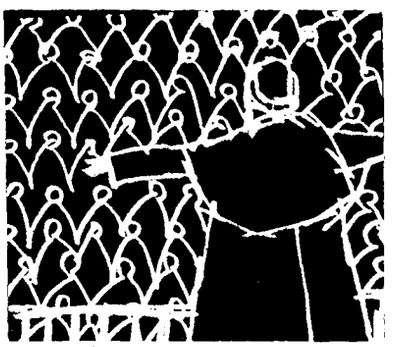
in its function, can be seen as a threat to one's whole existence. Questions which seem relatively insignificant to many people can assume tremendous importance. I have seen a priest leave a church full of people in a rural town without Sunday Mass for lack of an altar stone. Authority demands an altar stone. Theology might indicate that this is not of the essence for the celebration of the Eucharist. Prudence might indicate that in certain circumstances there are higher values than the fulfilling of every jot and tittle of liturgical law. But for certain types of authority-oriented people, the law provides personal security and it is impossible to venture out into the dangerous world where unanswered questions still exist. Obviously there is no question here of infallibility, although we may be dealing with the kind of mentality that needs infallibility, and easily extends the practical security of infallibility to a thousand and one things that lie outside its scope. For such the crisis is profound and tragic.

The crisis may go beyond the problem of the forms surrounding the exercise of authority. That Paul VI thinks this to be the case is suggested by his anguished cry of "schism" and of rebellious priests and laymen



"crucifying the Church." Part of the breakdown of the modern authority paradigm involves a loss of the sense of need for certain kinds of authoritative definition. It is not a denial of authority, much less a "Protestant" substitution of biblical authority, but the relegation to the realm of the irrelevant of the whole paradigm. There is a danger here, a danger that the very real values historically associated with the role of the Roman see in the Church may be sacrificed when these values are seen as bound up with the authority-forms of Renaissance despotism, to say nothing of the scandal inherent in real abuse of authority.

Historically, the Roman see has enjoyed a singular position in the history of the Church, not only in the modern Church, but in the ancient Church as well. This is already present in the second century, as witnessed for example by Irenaeus. But it was the same Irenaeus who cautioned Pope Victor against the abuse of that authority on the matter of the celebration of Easter in Asia. And it is noteworthy that this unquestioned authority in the early Church did not demand that the Bishop of Rome be some sort of super-bishop. It is in general calmly accepted, and calmly if rarely exercised.

The role played by Leo the Great in the Council of Chalcedon was critical, but there was no question of rubber-stamping his tome. Pope Celestine, in 428, sent a rather strong letter to the bishops of Vienne and Narbonne protesting the introduction of the pagan custom whereby priests dressed differently than ordinary men, but it does not appear to have had much effect in the long run. The example of Gregory the Great and the English mission is often cited as the beginning of present-day Roman universalism. In fact it appears that Gregory's interest in the English mission was personal rather than a result of the idea that part of the Pope's job was to oversee missions in the Church.

The origins of bureaucratic centralism in the Church are many and varied. After the reform movement begun with Cluny finally reached the Roman See, the latter assumed the direction of the movement and it became, eventually, the Gregorian reform. The demands of efficacy in pushing a much-needed reform (although no real structural reform was involved) contributed to a greater centralization of power. Roman attitudes approaching cultural imperialism contributed to the impasse two centuries earlier in the schism of Photius. Reading the history of the affair today, one is more and more inclined to sympathize with Photius. It should be noted, however, that today's adequate communications make such a tragedy unlikely today.

In the later middle ages the centralizing tendency was accented even more, particularly in the fourteenth century, where one of the contributing factors in the concentration of services, appointments, etc., in the growing Roman bureaucracy was Rome's need for money. Services which could well have been handled on a decentralized basis were concentrated in Rome because services involve fees. With time, of course, as with most bureaucratic structures, this becomes a vicious circle. Theologically, there is nothing which excludes a bishop from being elected on a local basis. At certain periods in history the local basis for electing a bishop was money—in other words simony—and Roman intervention served to implement much needed reforms. At the same time, the naming of bishops by Rome involved taxes paid to Rome, and the complex vicious circle continues.

With the Renaissance, new styles of human government appear, and it is normal that commonly accepted ways of conducting human affairs should be adopted by the Church, particularly as the Church, in the face of state encroachment in Church affairs, develops a "perfect society" ideology whose consequences are more grave when combined with the identification of the Church with the Kingdom of God. Today, our theology has changed, at least North of the Alps, but the models of conducting human affairs remain.

"Conciliar" theologians call for an internationalizing

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of the Curial bureaucracy and at times for a greater participation of the Universal Church in the election of the Bishop of Rome. Recent nominations to the cardinalate may be seen as a response to these desires, but I wonder seriously if this be the direction that we should take. The Curia has been internationalized before—for a time in the fourteenth century it had a French majority—with dubious results.

Parkinson's law makes us doubt whether anything can really be done, but one would sometimes prefer to see the Bishop of Rome—with no prejudice to his real prerogatives—be elected by the people and clergy of Rome. No doubt the central government of the Church is a necessity, and no doubt it is naive to think that even a supernatural institution, guided by the Spirit, could beat Parkinson's law. But one would like to see it attempted.

The recent fund established by the Vatican for aid to underdeveloped nations is apparently being handled through the International Development Banque, and as frankly secular institutions appear which can handle many of the charitable works once undertaken by Church organizations the need for a super-bureaucracy lessens. The problem is not of course limited to the Roman communion—the dissolution of the Western European Working Group on Evangelism and Missions (World Council of Churches) once its defined work was completed is a rare example of an ecclesiastical structure which ceases to exist.

A change in style of the role of the Bishop of Rome in the Universal Church would not necessarily entail a negation of the primacy of the Roman See. We desperately need new paradigms, not, as has been suggested, the resurrection of conciliarist paradigms of the late middle ages. Attempts to revive this will almost surely result in increased defensiveness on the part of Rome, in attempts to exorcise old demons whose relevance and danger are both questionable. Probably any serious attempt at decentralization will meet with the same suspicion and defensiveness, and with the now apparent breakdown of the post-Tridentine paradigms, this in turn will be countered by sincere protests of loyalty coupled with, not disobedience, but a calm dismissal of irrelevancy.

The breakdown of the accepted paradigms of the post-Tridentine Church is at the present time only partial. In spite of the Council, the number of bishops who define the concrete reality of their respective territories in accord with Roman decrees rather than in accord with what they see and hear is legion. But even with present systems of naming bishops, it will become increasingly difficult to find candidates for the episcopate who accept the old paradigms.

On another level, the futility of the attempts by certain organs of the Roman bureaucracy to impose a conservative orthodoxy is increasingly obvious. The removal of an editor does not silence a review; the most common pattern has been that he obediently accepts his removal and his place is taken by seven others, each worse than the first, with a restructuring that may put them beyond the reach of such tactics.

The problem of evolving new paradigms remains. If, as we believe, certain prerogatives of the Roman See are inherent in the constitution of the Church, and if, as we also believe, the Church is guided by the Spirit, then we should have no reason to fear change. The post-Tridentine paradigms are not the only ones to have served the self-definition of the Catholic Church in her history. The "imperialist universalism" that has developed in the past few centuries is not a *sine qua non* for the functioning of a real primacy of the Roman See, for the singular and special role that the faith of the Roman church has enjoyed in history. The particular forms of exercise of authority that we have known are not the only ways of expressing a real and apostolic authority. However, it is doubtful whether new forms will be evolved simply by deliberation and planning, be it of councils or synods or the Roman See. The Spirit works as well through events, painful as the process may be at times.

Nevertheless, in the face of the breakdown of present paradigms, it is perhaps urgent that theologians discuss possible alternatives with courage and vision. In the post-Tridentine Church, attitudes towards the charismatic, as well as towards theologians discussing questions such as these, have been more than anything else a caricature of the discourse attributed to Gamaliel in the acts of the Apostles: "So in the present case I tell you, keep away from these men and let them alone; for if this plan or this undertaking is of men, it will fail; but if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them. You might even be found opposing God!" (Acts 5, 38-39). The post-Tridentine caricature has generally been: "Stamp it out! If it is really from the Spirit it will survive."

But the Spirit is not a magic power, and in the present crisis we may be reaping some of the fruits of our hardness of heart. We may well have resisted the Spirit. The times demand reform, not "modernization." The happy days of the Council have gone, and the task appears to be more difficult than we had believed, and more necessary than ever before. Our optimism is still best expressed in the Creed: *Credo in Spiritum Sanctum!*

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ALLAN BLOCK

POACHER

I eat from the warden's palm
without permit.
How is it that
I slip the net each time,
my dinner in my bag,
slick as the brown otter,
combing the water?

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The unreported war: Army vs. the press

THE WORD FROM THE FRONT

TOM FOX

Saigon

It is not surprising that the Saigon press corps and the United States Army have not always agreed on how the war should be reported. However, the degree to which the two parties have become estranged in recent months is worthy of note. The press has always been considered a nagging nuisance to the military, tolerated but hardly trusted. Cooperation is usually formal but rarely cordial. Since the war in Vietnam has no common front many of the battles are shortlived and unknown to all but the military itself. Other larger operations are held "secret" until after the fact unless detected by the press. Thus, the press corps has always been at least partially dependent on Army information channels for their news releases. Body counts, skirmishes, sorties, payloads dropped, B-52 raids and planes down are only some of the figures which are compiled almost exclusively by the Military Office of Information.

When it comes to reporting the war the press corps generally considers the Army's information open to some question. Objective reportage frequently bends to the pleasure of one's superiors, or more broadly speaking, to the feelings of the American public itself. The Army, on the other hand, claims that the press seeks stories of "big news value" even at the cost of "abetting the enemy and prolonging the war." The press responds that only objective reporting can justify the journalist's role in Vietnam. Happy-talk assessments by the military conceal the often bitter truth, and set a mood for ill-informed policy decisions.

In the first collective action taken by the press corps since the beginning of the war, eleven bureau chiefs recently sent a letter of protest to Colonel Gordon Hill, the chief of the MACV Office of Information in Vietnam. It begins: "The availability of pertinent information on U.S. military activities in Vietnam is now worse than ever before. The Military Assistance Command, Vietnam Office on Information (MACOI) is attempting to suppress release of news by the use of evasion, refusal to comment without explanation and refusal to answer legitimate questions."

The letter detailed ten examples from a list of 50 incidents of managed news. Two follow:

"In an attack on the U.S. 25th Infantry base at Dau Tieng on Feb. 25, six American soldiers were reported killed. Two correspondents who were at the base counted the bodies of 21 American soldiers. The base information officer agreed with the correspondents' count. In Saigon, MACOI spokesmen were asked on two successive days about the discrepancy in official U.S. body count. They replied there was no additional information 'to report.' "

"Recently, enemy forces launched an assault against what an official MACOI communique and spokesmen called a 'night defensive position.' Newsmen recognized the location as, in fact, the headquarters of a brigade of the 4th Infantry Division. Only through tedious questioning at a briefing did the spokesman reluctantly admit that rather than a 'night defensive position' the Communists had, in fact, assaulted a U.S. brigade headquarters. This would appear to be another clear case of deliberate omission in an attempt to play down significant enemy attacks."

The bureau chiefs represented the three major television networks, the *New York Daily News,* Visnews, UPI, Metromedia, Scripps Howard, Westinghouse, National Catholic News Service and the BBC. They insist that MACOI "is not pursuing required policy governing release of information" and that "the majority of cases involve what appears to be deliberate withholding of information from the news media—not for reasons of security, but because the release of such information would produce unfavorable publicity."

The rules which govern the release of news by the Office of Information appear in the U.S. Army Public Information Officer's Guide: *"The Army is accountable to every American for its actions. Therefore, it is the policy of the Departments of the Army to make available to the public, either directly or through the various news media, all unclassified information of news value."*

Few members of the press corps believe MACOI is up to this standard. The letter claims "MACOI spokesmen resort to rhetoric to deny news correspondents access to information. The terms, 'I have no knowledge,' or 'I have nothing to report on that,' or 'I have nothing releasable' have become stock replies to legitimate questions at daily briefings." It goes on to say, "A year ago, U.S. military briefers would conclude reading of prepared material by inviting questions from newsmen.

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At present, the briefer usually concludes with the announcement, 'If there are no more questions, I'll be followed by. . . .' This subtle change in format suggests a more significant change in attitude by MACOI."

Craig Spence of ABC goes beyond the accusation of news control on the part of the military. He claims "they lie when they think they can get away with it." "For example, they said one hundred rounds fell on Ben Het last night," he told me, adding, "We had a crew out there which counted over four hundred rounds. They claimed the roads were opened and supplies were getting through by ground. Yet we were out there and nothing got through but by air." Kenneth Gale, acting as ABC News bureau chief concurs with Spence: "Since word went out that the ARVN forces can do no wrong, it has been just about impossible to get accurate information on them through military channels. That's what I call news management."

The credibility gap between the military and the press seems to broaden every afternoon after Vietnamese and American press corpsmen pile into the Vietnamese Office of Information on Le Loi Street in downtown Saigon. There the press listens to military and civilian spokesmen of both governments ramble through the "five-oclock follies." These briefings can last anywhere from ten minutes to an hour depending on the activities of the day. Information outside of prepared texts passed out to the press comes begrudgingly indeed. Joseph Fried of the *New York Daily News* is considered by all the best at squeezing all possible information out of tight-lipped military officers. Often the same question is posed in several different ways by correspondents who attempt to extract a story. Many correspondents say the briefings are just rehearsals to give military spokesmen more occasions to practice the fine art of evasion. "I find them empty and sterile," confides Terrance Smith of the *New York Times*. "About all one can really establish is where the major actions are taking place. Beyond that they are good for little else."

The squeeze on military information is most painful to the radio men who must file daily reports by air through Saigon channels. They have little time to go out into the field and depend on the briefings for information. One such embittered broadcaster is Allan Dawson of Metromedia News. "Newsmanagement is the only word which fits the present policy of the military in Vietnam," he charges. "Officially there is no censorship but in practice that is not the case. When we ask how many times they have bombed the North since the bombing halt they reply eleven *significant* times. When we ask how many insignificant times we have bombed the North, they have no comment." A further instance: "On April 27th they claimed that the United States was *not* firing into Cambodia. When it became obvious to everyone that correspondents were there on the scene, they rescinded saying 'It is U.S. policy to cross borders when engaged in hot pursuit.' "

Ron Milligan, the Westinghouse News bureau chief, and a Vietnam commentator for the past three years, agrees that news control on the part of the military is now greater then ever before but signed the letter for different reasons. "I feel that the belief on the part of the government to control the release of news is a serious problem and a portent of more serious times. The American government now seems to take the role of telling the American public what it finds pleasing and censoring that which it finds is not."

The tightness goes back six to nine months ago. Correspondents are uncertain whether the change was in policy or attitude. Some believe the switch coincided with General Abrams' takeover. Evidence for this theory rests on Abrams' failure to give a single press conference. Background sessions have also disappeared during his command.

Pulitzer prize-winner and longtime Vietnam correspondent Peter Arnett sees the situation "as a continual effort on the part of the military to upbeat the news. When the higher ranking officers, especially the regiment and battalion commanders, speak with the press they become very news conscious, afraid of saying anything which could discredit them. For example, they will say one thing for the press and then over dinner you'll find them speaking their own personal opinions which are often a long way from what they formerly expressed."

Perhaps if the war itself were less unfitting, the military would allow all the news to print.

SUMMER, PARK & RIDER

THE SCREEN

The time has come to give another look at what young people in films are doing. Although what they're doing in several current exhibitions is not very nice, the well-made films themselves are absorbing and force viewers to face today's corrupted and lost generation—and ask why, why?

In their extraordinary fine film, "Last Summer," which is both fascinating and repellent, director Frank Perry and scriptwriter Eleanor Perry are pointing a finger at the older generation, parents particularly. "Last Summer" is about three 15-16-year-olds who have this vacation period to play together completely free of cares or any supervision from their well-heeled parents. Outwardly the three are quite attractive—with their sun-tanned bodies, exuberance in sports and games and general rough-house. At first they are a pleasure to watch—until we realize that along with their golden youth there is

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a touch of decadence and evil with the approach of adulthood: Wordsworth's "Shades of the prison-house begin to close/Upon the growing boy." Under Perry's skillful direction, the three are played to perfection by pretty, nicely-built Barbara Hershey as high-spirited, witty Sandy whose I.Q. is way up and whose sophistication is far beyond her years; Richard Thomas as Peter and Bruce Davison as Dan, two sun-bleached towheads whom one can hardly tell apart until events reveal Peter as the kinder and more thoughtful and Dan as the irresponsible adolescent hankering for his first experiments with sex.

It soon becomes apparent that this "Last Summer" of adolescence is not just harmless fun and games. Our bright, golden threesome, usually led by provocative Sandy, use vulgar language picked up no doubt at their parents' cocktail parties, have nothing but contempt for their elders who are too busy with their own affairs to be concerned with them, play a game called Major Truth with which they hope to shock each other, experiment with pot stolen from parents, and display a brand of cruelty that sinks in the final scenes to a new low in viciousness.

Handsomely filmed, mostly on the beaches at Fire Island, "Last Summer," with its disturbing mixture of adolescent innocence and evil, must take its place with other movies based on books giving similar portraits: *The Innocent Voyage, Lord of the Flies,* and perhaps even *The Turn of the Screw* (not that there's anything ghostly about the realistic "Last Summer" but the children's behavior is certainly ghastly). Eleanor Perry has written an excellent screenplay from the novel by Evan Hunter; and one of the most interesting things about it is the absence of elders from the movie, those parents whose pattern the youngsters are emulating. In fact, the only member of the older generation to appear in the film is Sandy's mother's lover whom Sandy contemptuously calls Snow White. Praise for Frank Perry's direction must include special applause for his handling of one other youngster, Cathy Burns, whose performance is superb. As plumpish Rhoda, the "square" hanger-on who longs to belong to the threesome, she delivers a lengthy monologue on her mother's death and admits spitting on her mother's grave as her Major Truth, and then becomes the victim of the threesome's evil cruelty in the film's shocking climax. The finale shows Sandy, Dan, Peter, one by one returning to the beach after this horrible scene. So what's next for these three who must realize how they have debased themselves on the eve of their adulthood? Or is "Last Summer" just reflecting Shakespeare's cynical: "Golden lads and girls all must,/ As chimney-sweepers, come to dust"?

I'm not sure what "That Cold Day in the Park" is reflecting or actually what its message is. Beautifully photographed in color in Vancouver, B.C., and extremely well directed by Robert Altman, this modern Gothic tale shows what happens when Frances Austin, a wealthy spinster in her early 30s, takes in a wet, shivering teenager whom she sees in the rainy park across from her flat. What happens is not pretty although the setting is—a lovely Victorian-style apartment in perfect taste appropriate to this frustrated woman and the somber story. Because the boy does not talk, Frances thinks he's mute, so she makes up for his silence by going on and on about the sad story of her lonely life. She feeds the boy, lets him bathe, puts him up in the spare bedroom, buys him clothes; and very soon it becomes obvious that her interest is more than motherly. What defeats the movie, however, is its plethora of details and side issues: the boy's incestuous sister and her American draft-dodger lover, Frances' expeditions to get fitted for a diaphragm and, when the boy refuses her advances, to search for a prostitute for him. Although well acted by Sandy Dennis as Frances and Michael Burns as the cherubic-faced boy who attracts her, what this well-made film doesn't make is sense beyond its exercise in sex and murder.

The two young fellows played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in "Easy Rider" aren't exactly "nice" boys either; but after they make quite a pile of dough by selling some dope they bought in Mexico, they start out on a cross-country motorcycle trip from the west coast to New Orleans that has a beguiling and irritating quality that holds one to the picture's bitter finale. Except for a few pleasant encounters (as with the rancher and his large family, and later a commune of hippies) most of the groups the riders meet on their odyssey are hostile to the boys because of their long hair, leather jackets and unkempt hippie appearance. In one small town they are even arrested for playfully joining a parade. This works out to their and our advantage because the lawyer who gets them out of jail is brilliantly played by George Nicholson in one of the year's best bit performances. He explains the hostile men: "They're not scared of you. They're scared of your freedom, and it makes them dangerous." That it does. And that very night hostile vigilantes beat up the sleeping riders and kill Nicholson. Later the New Orleans and Mardi Gras sequences get rather rowdy and raucous as the two boys and their whorehouse dates go on acid. And the ending of the odyssey is as brutal and shocking as the climax of "Last Summer." Considering that this is Dennis Hopper's first directorial stint, he has done an amazingly good job. "Easy Rider" is meant to be an anti-establishment, anti-bigotry picture. Its good photography and excellent musical score help to tone down the preaching. I wish (to show *my* prejudices) that its writers hadn't ended so many sentences with the word "man." You know what I mean, man?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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MUSIC

Opera, ever greedy, has eaten into my budgeted space this season with a vengeance, so I'm woefully behind in reporting concerts. Hurok's International Festival, at Carnegie Hall, had the Moscow State Symphony rocking along like something out of *Ninotchka.* Strings were wiry, winds asthmatic and brass rusty. Soloist Mstislav Rostropovich redeemed Soviet technique with his ability to make a tone as tiny as a minnow in the sea well up like a surfacing whale; unfortunately, his musicianship in cello concertos by Dvorák and Saint-Saens often seemed to be little more than such cloying feats. Hurok also presented the Philadelphia Orchestra and it, of course, played superbly. It was conductor Wolfgang Sawallisch who made the "Eroica" ponderous and Carlo Maria Giulini—of all people!—who let Brahms' Second billow and flap after he'd led a triumphantly crisp Overture to *Semiramide.*

Carnegie Hall's own series, the International Festival of Visiting Orchestras, drew a capacity crowd to hear l'Orchestre de Paris, under Charles Munch, sound as every orchestra did under this erratic maestro: as if it were afflicted alternately with dropsy and St. Vitus dance. Only a third as many turned out the next night to hear l'Orchestre, under the more able Jean Martinon, sound like the truly élite ensemble it is. Possibly Martinon's mismatched program of Beethoven, Messiaen, Bartók and Franck(!) repelled patrons. The few empty seats at a February Cleveland Orchestra concert could have been due to flu or to James Oliver Buswell IV's doing Prokofiev's Second Violin Concerto. Or can some concertgoers actually have learned that George Szell can build a great orchestra but still cannot do much with music in either of his extremist styles? "Hard Szell" sleeked back Prokofiev's perky angularities in the "Classical" Symphony with brutal rushing, while "soft Szell" filleted the bones out of Brahms' Fourth with unconnected detail and draggy tempi. The May concerts weren't so merry, either. Seiji Ozawa drove the Toronto Symphony into frenzied accelerations in Tchaikovsky's Fourth. Lukas Foss, in one of his several incapacities, showed a poor ear for balance and little feeling when sending the Buffalo Philharmonic plodding through Mahler, Debussy and some of Ives' all-American chaos.

After wasting a guest appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra on a program so lightweight it defied comment (*two* amorphous things by Takemitsu), Ozawa did very well with solid fare in guest appearances with the Philharmonic. The Berlioz *Requiem,* in which the ageless Simoneau shamed the entire Collegiate Chorale with his tone and artistry, was a marvel of elegance and control; the "Emperor" Concerto, with the inimitable Ashkenazy, had strength and delicacy in fine balance.

The Philharmonic played best, though, for Pierre Boulez. His programs, dominated by music composed between 1900 and 1940, did not convert me to the Panglossian view that ours has been the most musical of all possible times, yet I think I could endure even another clangorous trifle by Varése if it meant I'd also see and hear the batonless M. Boulez karate-chop his way through those glorious early masterpieces of this century, Debussy's *La Mer* and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps.* The Philharmonic played with incredible suppleness, luminosity and dynamism in these revelatory performances! His appointment as permanent conductor may mean some jarring programing which will also mean a great conductor is in charge of our oldest orchestra.

As for opera, a welcome combination of twentieth-century and traditional works graced the final weeks at the Met, where revivals of Berg's *Wozzeck* and Britten's *Peter Grimes* flanked a ghastly new production of *Trovatore.* Verdi's seemingly indestructible score had to fight its way out from under piles of masonry, ruffs, swags and spears. The drab fussiness of Attilio Colonnello's designs and the tremulous, harsh voice of James McCracken were the only constants at this *Trovatore.* Zubin Mehta's lively conducting often went slack to accommodate Leontyne Price's lovely, but languid, singing. Sherrill Milnes and Grace Bumbry were founts of energy in which tone and line often drowned.

Mr. Bing can take more pride in presenting *Wozzeck* and *Grimes,* conducted—overwhelmingly—by Colin Davis. Rarely have I heard such a mastery of nuance and

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mass combined with an uncanny ability to get work-hardened pros to give their all. The Met orchestra in *Wozzeck* sent its best tone snaking up in tendrils or billowing forth like squid's ink. Geraint Evans seemed listless in the title role, unfortunately. Berg's great music-drama looked the same in Neher's faded old production with a weak cast, a soggy translation of Buchner's wasteless text and staging that caught fire only at midway. *Grimes,* a similar drama of alienation and cosmic indifference, was better produced by Guthrie and Moiseiwitsch and better cast; Evans was fine hero and Jon Vickers, in the title role, was most compelling, despite vocal snagging. Britten needed all the help the Met gave him. Not until Grimes' final, crazed aria did he approach Berg's ecclectic yet cohesive and apt score. Peter's habit of differing with the chorus in pitch and rhythm is more maddening than maddened—not that our chorus of villagers, with their coy "Good mornings" and "Good nights," made much of an opposition. I'd never have heard the sea in Britten's dry, shallow scoring if these fishermen hadn't worn sou'westers.

At the New York City Opera, I missed all performances by Sills, Cossa and Treigle. Since I heard only three good voices (silvery Anne Elgar, mellow Spiro Malas, loud Louis Quilico), I'll just discuss productions. Would that all were as fine as Beni Montresor's *The Magic Flute.* It looked like that bubbly fairy tale Toscanini always insisted this opera was instead of that static allegory only a German Mason could enjoy. Mozart's beguiling, deceptively child-like score was delightfully matched by Montresor's primary colors and little collapsible dragons. Some of the voices proved just as unforgettable—but for the wrong reasons.

The two mad new productions by Frank Corsaro that hit the boards this spring had sex, drunkenness and frenzy trowelled onto Borodin's *Prince Igor* and *Rigoletto* as substitutes for missing essentials. *Igor* lacked all pageantry in orange-crate-and-cheesecloth settings, originally designed for the University of Cincinnati; these certainly called up Ohio though not the Steppes. *Rigoletto* had little of its air of stealth and dissembling when done on a wide-open unit set, without a hint of the fourth wall to the garden where Gilda is immured or to the tavern where she is stabbed (I think she was knifed out on the patio). Corsaro's distracting busy-ness onstage supplied little more than unintentional hilarity. The more impassioned ballet boys pawed the girls at every opportunity, and Rigoletto and Prince Galitzky hit the bottle so often to provide "characterization" that they practically stopped drinking only to sing. To give the episodic *Igor* much needed interest, Corsaro decreed that the Prince's son must die. The great Khan of the Polovetsi had dared not go so far in previous productions! Corsaro, obviously, is the greater barbarian.

I'd have thought that City Opera director Julius Rudel would have noticed by now how vulgar and senseless such staging is—particularly now that Corsaro's staging arias that are soliloquies as if they were a one-sided conversation between the soloist and a mute, smiling bystander —but the obvious must often escape Mr. Rudel. His little company is not my first choice to send charging into the demanding, yet rarely rewarding, territory of Russian opera. Rudel ordered it to do so repeatedly this spring, just so he could conduct *Igor* (muscular *salon* music, at best) and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or* (flashy stuff; colorfully designed, slapstickily staged). I rank Rudel's Russian campaign with Napoleon's. HARRIS GREEN

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CATHERINE ECKRICH

TORNADO

Here roils a monster down the ocean-sky,
An octopus through whose electric brain
Jag crackling nerves connected to the rain.
A single tentacle sucks worlds awry
While from the nucleate and eccrine eye
Spew flaming cilia along each vein.
He roars the roar of a demented train,
A thousand shattered wheels—then plunges by.
Here seek no truth in parable or verse,
For out of Chaos jets this news that WHO
Incites the winds or bids them to disperse
Means business here, and it were well we knew
These angry accents of the universe,
And well that we surmise a thing or two.

JOHN KOLARS

THE TEMPTATION OF ANTHONY

His nerves
are nightingales
that sing green garlands
in the tree of him

His thoughts
are gilded little snails
whose signatures are traced
upon his morning talk

His eyes
are pebbles under summer rills
that soon go cataract
beneath the sun

His heart
beats rookeries from madrigals
whose midnight crow cries
love to everyone

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ON FLANNERY O'CONNOR

SAUL MALOFF

EVEN if these "occasional" pieces—lectures, less formal talks, some critical essays and reviews, and miscellaneous articles—were not buttressed by the authority of the late Flannery O'Connor's fictions and thoroughly established reputation, they would be eminently worth collecting. Miss O'Connor could not have intended a collection; and her devoted friends and editors, the Fitzgeralds, tell us of their labors in cutting and pruning and splicing together fragments, in some instances, to make wholes of overlapping talks on the same or related subjects. Yet, remarkably, there is no oppressive sense of redundancy or padding; but rather a liberating one, of themes and variations, accretion and accumulation, a steady expansion of implication and statement to the point where the ideas essential to her life and art gathered toward the makings of something like a system.

Each piece—from those that seem little more than extended asides to those that clearly intend a summation of views—is singular, finely wrought and deeply felt; each bears the unmistakable imprint of her mind and play of her wit; and in each—how rare this is in expository prose—there is audible always the sound of her voice speaking; never the sound of a machine clattering. Except for the marvelous opening memoir of her life with the peacocks she raised, this volume records her lifelong preoccupation with the making of literature, the meaning and value of fiction.

Mystery and Manners: Occasional Prose by Flannery O'Connor

Selected and edited by
SALLY AND ROBERT FITZGERALD

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95

Miss O'Connor wrote not as a theorist, nor even as a critic in any of the usual senses—nowhere in the volume does her attention come steadily to rest on a particular work or author. She wrote, as a writer of fiction reflecting on craft and art who in perfect confidence took herself and her work as sufficient instances of general problems about which universal assertions can be made; and when, in violation, almost, of her native temperament, she addressed herself to more theoretic questions—of regionalism, of being a Southern writer, of the "grotesque" in fiction, and especially of the vexed problem of religious belief, particularly Catholic belief and its relations to literature—she did so, one feels, as much because no one else could, or cared to, as because of the great pressures they exerted upon her as she practiced and sought to perfect her distinctive, recalcitrant art.

So to describe the book is to make it seem a writer's book aimed at other writers (which it is); but it is also to miss its special pleasure. "Special" because, though she provides it on every page, in every paragraph, it is not of the ingratiating kind. She does not court the reader; she doesn't seek to amuse or cajole or flatter so that she will be loved. Fiction was her life, its value transcendent. She is never consoling or reassuring. The defining quality of her mind was toughness, even harshness, impatience. She could be cranky, petulant, hectoring. She speaks with the wonderful arrogance of a writer who had come to know the exact dimensions of her powers—both scope and limitations; and who knew that though she had written relatively little, she was already among the American writers.

There was no doubt in her mind that she was born to write; that (in her terms) a gift had been given her; that it was her vocation, her calling; and that therefore to write at anything less or other than the intense pressure at which art is forged was sinful. From a writer less gifted, this would be intolerable pride; from her, we accept the terms in all their severity. The formidable claims are an altogether just estimate. Good fiction is hard to find; a good writer spares neither himself nor his readers. Not everyone can write; in fact few can: no one chose them though they may think they were called, though they may think that "anyone's unrestrained feelings are . . . worth listening to because they are unrestrained and because they are feelings." To "intrude upon the timeless" requires "the violence of a single-minded respect for the truth." Her truth, of course, was special and non-transferable; but shift the terms appropriately and it applies everywhere.

Exacting as all this sounds, Flannery O'Connor was never high-flown. She was pleased without the slightest condescension when a down-home countrywoman remarked of some of her stories, "Well, them stories just gone and shown you how some folks *would* do"; she was pleased not only because the response was an honest one but because it is sound literary criticism, because, she remarks, it is "right": . . . "when you write stories, you have to be content to start exactly there—showing how some specific folks *will* do, *will* do in spite of everything."

But for the "little old lady in California" who informed her that when the tired reader comes home at night, he wishes to read something that "will

SAUL MALOFF, formerly Books Editor at Newsweek, *is the author of* Happy Families *(Scribner's).*

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lift up his heart"—for her, she has no time at all. And not because "it seems her heart had not been lifted up by anything of mine she had read," but because "if her heart had been in the right place, it would have been lifted up"—which can stand as an instance, at once, of her wit and critical self-knowledge, contempt for sentimentality, and her way of lifting up an extinct cliché bodily, standing it on its head and then on its feet again, fully alive.

God, alas, knows, the lady from California, whose name is Mrs. Legion, may have been Jew or Gentile, animist or Buddhist, or, serially, all; but one suspects she was Catholic, for the reason that Miss O'Connor reserved her finest wrath for those closest to her heart, her co-religionists (a term she would have hated), who like all other Americans with hearts in the wrong place wanted them lifted up. For her part, as a writer and a Catholic, as a Catholic writer, her aim in art was simply put: her "subject in fiction," she wrote, "is the action of grace in territory held largely by the devil." But she was a writer and not a theologian, and for a writer that is not sufficient knowledge. The "fiction writer," she wrote, and the statement, which recurs again and again with slight variation throughout the book, is virtually her motif, "presents mystery through manners, grace through nature, but when he finishes there always has to be left over that sense of Mystery which cannot be accounted for by any human formula." Of course there has to be no such thing. For "fiction writer" read "serious Catholic fiction writer"; but lower the case on Mystery and modify the final phrase, and it can stand as well as any other as a general statement about literary art, and, for herself, as credo. Only the most serious writer, of whatever kind, can venture to talk this way without disgracing herself and creating a scandal; and only a first-rate one can deliver the goods, which she did, again and again. She was simply describing not only the ideal she strove for but the end she actually achieved.

Now, this view of art has far more in common with the *serious* work of any real artist—of wavering, atrophied, vestigial, or no faith at all—than it does with the aggressive Philistinism of the canting letter-writers who reproach the writer for not lifting up their hearts; or (more to the point) the "pious trash" that passes for fiction among those who, hating art, batten on trash and do so in good conscience so long as trash breathes pieties and quotes Scripture. Miss O'Connor cites Cardinal Spellman's *The Foundling*—too obvious an example to be interesting; one trembles to think of others she had in mind when she spoke of pious trash—some, no doubt, masquerading as serious fiction.

The assault is devastating. What makes it of far more than parochial interest is its sweep of implication. Change the terms of immediate reference and the strictures apply exactly to all bogus constructions, soft at the edges as at the center, which seek to uplift, edify, hearten, instruct, to "tidy up reality"—which seek all purposes that are not those of art, which has no purpose other than to be faithful to itself. Pious trash is not only trash; it is, to put a strict construction on it, also impious. Bad art, whatever its purity of intention, is bad politics, too; and bad morals; and bad theology. It is all these for the fairly simple reason that bad art necessarily lies; and good art, whatever its impurities, finally breaks through and transcends them to significant truths.

The range of Flannery O'Connor's occasional prose—which was not after all her métier—is necessarily limited, and many of her readers will take exception (as I do) to this or that formulation—on the South, on "pornography" and "obscenity," on some marginal matters; but at this distance from her death these no longer seem important. What is important is the luminosity and intensity of her best pages on the nature of fiction—the suppleness and radiance of her intelligence and the acerbity of her wit; and what is of lasting importance is the body of work that underlies and amplifies them.

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BOOKS

A less than satisfactory portrait of Cuba's leader

FIDEL CASTRO

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

Simon & Schuster, $6.95

JOSE YGLESIAS

Two or three years ago we were all feeling sorry for Herbert Matthews; everyone knew he was a prisoner of the *Times* editorial department. Matthews had interviewed Fidel in 1957 in the Sierra, and his subsequent report on the front page of the *Times* was a timely bit of publicity for the rebels—and for which rightwingers, forever searching for a simple explanation of what happened in Cuba, still castigate that newspaper. Matthews made several trips to Cuba after the revolution but the *Times* never asked him to write on the subject. Could there be any doubt, we all asked, that this was political censorship?

In 1967 Matthews retired, and this book is the first fruit of that freedom: a long wrap-up story of the highlights of the Cuban revolution, from the attack on the Moncada in 1953 to the present day, disguised as a biography of Fidel. Not a personal biography for there is nothing in it, as Matthews admits, that's new or very personal; nor a political biography, for there's no carefully documented account of the evolution of his thought or actions. All of it is narrated in the loose, cliché-ridden language of the tired journalist, a perfect style for holding together contradictory opinions and flattening exciting events to the level of typewriter chatter. Can it be that the *Times* didn't publish him because he was boring and had nothing to say?

One is tempted to say yes, except that this would render one as guilty as Matthews of the simplistic rejoinder, and it is still true that Matthews became a national example of the journalist whose career was almost brought to a full stop because he insisted, in a time of hysteria, on telling a small, grating truth. This truth is that the Cuban revolution was led by a man genuinely concerned in making a better life for Cubans and that this still remains his goal. Matthews even suggested that American dominance of Cuban political and economic life was not all for the best and that Fidel could be counted on to keep Cuba politically independent of the Soviet Union.

The course of the Cuban revolution has vindicated Matthews and also robbed him of his special role as a reporter on the Cuban revolution. What one notices now are his pious disavowals of Communism and revolutionary violence, his shallow dismissal of the role of ideology and class struggle in the revolution, his ignorance of the revolutionary history of Cuba—all in the service of his dogged pragmatism. Nothing must stand in the way of his constantly reiterated opinion that the revolution is entirely Fidel's and that he can take it anywhere. Fidel is a pragmatist too, he says, and consequently his Marxism-Leninism is not to be taken seriously; he also suggests that Marxism hasn't affected the world view of Cubans and that they'll throw it off as soon as Fidel tells them to. All opinions as convincingly expounded as his notion that our State Department would have acted differently—even decently—if it had been well informed.

It is possible to find in Matthews' book statements that make what I've said sound unfair. He'll tell you also that Fidel came out of Cuban history, that without the "élan, that now comes from the masses . . . the revolution could not continue." But these opinions are stated, not argued, and one suspects they are flourishes meant to show us how fair *he* is. Sometimes he can do that sort of thing in one sentence: "There was a high degree of good intentions and honest idealism in United States relations with Cuba, especially in the earliest years of the Republic, but there were also greed and callousness."

For Americans who know little about Cuba—and there must be many—his book does have value as a fair and factual recounting of some important phases: the fighting in the Sierra, the Bay of Pigs invasion. Even here, however, the full story escapes him, and most of it has been better told by other reporters. The portrait of Fidel that the book promises is thin and formal and never comes near in interest to Lee Lockwood's. And is certainly never as vivid as Sartre's. One would think that Matthews never met Fidel nor heard the marvelous anecdotes and gossip about him current in Havana; and he must never have seen the unpublished autobiography to which he constantly refers (one wonders how well Matthews actually knows him). This autobiography contains reminiscences and letters that bring Fidel much closer than Matthews does.

It is not simply a lack of talent, however, that stands between Matthews and his subject. There is arrogance and chauvinism too. He can say of Fidel that he can't explain how he became a Marxist "because he is not a trained, systematic thinker." Of Cubans: "They are as temperamentally unsuited to a Communist system as any people on earth. This does not mean that they are unsuited to a dictatorial system

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or a highly centralized government." Bland enough statements for us Americans to read—why get angry at them? Because they are to be found on every page: the stigmata of men who no matter how fair a facade they attempt to erect are easily recognizable from any vantage point outside our borders as brothers under the skin or racists and imperialists.

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

MICHAEL CRICHTON

Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95

ALEXANDER COOK

Nobody has come up with a satisfactory definition of science fiction, and a good thing it is, too. For after all, if writers knew its precise borders, then they might not be tempted to transgress them. They often do. And the traffic is pretty heavy in both directions.

Moving from the outside in, you have Aldous Huxley with his *Brave New World, Islandia,* and *Ape and Essence,* and George Orwell and his *1984*. But everyone must surely know by now that these two are science fiction. More recently, Gore Vidal's *Messiah* might be so classified, as well as John Barth's *Giles Goat Boy* and *Lost in the Funhouse*, Anthony Burgess' *The Clockwork Orange* and *The Wanting Seed* and all those crazy Nova novels of William S. Burroughs. To mention just a few.

And just lately there has been a good deal of movement in the other direction, too. Ray Bradbury, a science fiction writer if there ever was one, has written one "straight" novel, *Dandelion Wine,* and many short stories. And another, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., seems to have deserted the field altogether—though perhaps not, for remembering that flying saucer from the planet Tralfamadore that shows up in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, he does seem to show a certain foot-dragging reluctance in his departure.

The greatest change, however, has been worked right inside science fiction by a number of younger writers—Britain's Brian Aldiss and J. G. Ballard, as well as American writers such as Samuel Delany, Thomas Disch, Norman Spinrad, and Roger Zelazny. Inside the sci-fi fraternity there are a number of names for them and for what they are doing (not all of them printable). Yet what it amounts to is that they are pushing out the boundaries of science fiction by pumping in the old ingredients, such as plot, character and meaning.

Which preamble brings us to an example of the latter sort, *The Andromeda Strain* by Michael Crichton, a science fiction novel masquerading as a suspense thriller. Its excellent disguise has fooled a good many already. First of all, it fooled Alfred Knopf, presumably—for whoever heard of his Borzoi imprint going on a piece of sci-fi? And it must have fooled the Literary Guild, too, for had they known what it is they would surely not have sent it out. And by this time, finally, it must have fooled a lot of readers, as well. They must have supposed it just a very up-to-date thriller, since the novel is set in the present, since its space hardware (only incidental to the story in the first place) is of no more than contemporary sophistication, and since the "aliens" who invade the earth are mere microbes.

But nevertheless *The Andromeda Strain* is science fiction. What else are you going to call a novel that begins out on the desert like one of those scary old sci-fi movies from the fifties—*It Came from Outer Space* or *Them*, for instance—with the discovery of a town that has been mysteriously wiped out? The cause is soon made clear: a NASA probe vehicle has returned to earth nearby, been broken open, and an unknown strain of microbes picked up from outer space has infected the small community. The mystery is solved; the panic is on. A team of doctors, biologists, and specialists of every sort is hastily assembled from all parts of the country, and the remainder of the story is an account of their efforts to isolate, identify, and deal with this new strain they dub Andromeda.

Nothing very new in this, of course. The basic plot is one that has been done and re-done innumerable times in science fiction, most recently (for the record) by Harry Harrison in *Plague from Space*. What is impressive here, however, are the many exact scientific details the author has included and the narrative skill with which it is written. The pace is fast and absorbing; the writing is spare and its quality generally high; and the characters, if not memorable, are at any rate efficiently sketched in and have been given little personal touches of their own.

Does this make it *good* science fiction, as opposed to the stuff you see on your drugstore racks? No, it's not quite as simple as that. For whatever else it may be, science fiction is the last solid redoubt of the imagination. And the writers who command that fort may not always be the most skilled writers of fiction by the usual standards but they are the ones with the most fertile imaginations—the Blishes, the Pohls, and the Heinleins. And while *The Andromeda Strain* may rate as superior in science and as a marked improvement in fiction, it lacks something of

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the catalytic glow of imagination that under the best circumstances seems to spark when those two disparate elements are conjoined.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION FACES ITS FUTURE

NEIL G. McCLUSKEY

Doubleday, $5.95

ROBERT HASSENGER

When this volume was in preparation, a standing joke among some of its readers was that it might better be entitled "Catholic Education Looks At Its Behind." This suggestion now seems less frivolous than then. As an historian of education, Fr. McCluskey understandably devotes a considerable proportion of the book to the historical context of Catholic education. After an opening chapter lamenting the lack of any real philosophy of either the Catholic school and college, or of Catholic education more broadly conceived—a chapter going little beyond the author's *Catholic Viewpoint on Education* (1959)—the Jesuit educator spends two of his eight installments setting the historical stage for a discussion of "today's school." Installments seems the best word here. For the volume is in large part a fleshing out of several recent articles, plus a retailing of the historical work of Ellis and McAvoy, and the results of some available research on Catholic education.

For example, Chapter Four ("Today's School") draws heavily from the now obsolete Notre Dame and Greeley-Rossi studies of 1962-63. Even here, the author's preference for the historical and philosophical (Chapter One: *"raison d'être,"* "formal object," "educand) framework is apparent. After presentation of some of the data which seems to suggest that the formal educational endeavors of the Church have been, at best, only moderately successful, Fr. McCluskey opines that "the conviction of the Catholic school's effectiveness in the area of values and attitudes has to be grounded on something else than the tools of the social scientist." If by "conviction" Fr. McCluskey means his own strong belief, he is entirely correct; but he has, as yet, little evidence to support this persuasion.

The book's soundest chapters are Five and Six, where the myriad Church-State issues are aired. These reflect the author's 1969 summer seminar on the subject at Union Theological Seminary, and address the principal questions of support for the nation's children in both public and private (including religiously-affiliated) schools, and the dilemma of fostering a climate where values can be expressed, without proselytizing for a particular set of commitments, or infringing on those of others. Original scholarship or interpretations are no more plentiful here than elsewhere in the volume, but the best of both have been marshalled and clearly presented, although more careful editing could have eliminated some of the repetition.

These are followed by what this reader found the weakest of the chapters, on Catholic higher education. Anyone who has read the recent Jencks-Riesman and Barzun books will find little which is new here. A couple of recent articles on the Catholic colleges—and perhaps a dusted-off commencement address or two as well—have been strung together without notable concern for continuity or relevance to that future we are presumably tooling up to face. While one may be impressed by a few nicely-turned phrases in Fr. McCluskey's case for academic freedom in the Catholic university (he seems less sure about the colleges), one may be pardoned for remaining more skeptical than the author that "the Catholic universities will

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REVIEWERS

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prove capable of competing with Harvard and Berkeley . . . Swarthmore or Vassar." One will hopefully not be interested in a consideration of the advisability of emulating such models, for this is not discussed here.

The modestly effective first 255 pages might have been redeemed by an insightful and imaginative conclusion. Perhaps the reader is led to expect too much in a final chapter entitled "The Future: Modes, Moods, and Models." But he deserves more than exhortations to be "innovative and courageous." A few half-hearted stabs are made at indicating how, but one is hard pressed to glean from the thirty-odd pages much that is either concretely useful or inspiring of innovation and/or courage.

Here, as throughout the book, concern is primarily with the present enterprise, with scant attention given to discussions of alternative forms of Catholic education, despite Fr. McCluskey's recognition that the schools have lost 219,000 pupils in the past two years, and more than 400,000 from the peak enrollment of 1964. The opening chapter promises a "new emphasis upon Catholic *education* rather than on formal Catholic *schooling*," but there is little evidence of this in those which follow. Virtually no space is devoted to the very controversial suggestion of such educators as former U.S. Commissioner Harold Howe and the USCC's James Donohue that the top priority of Catholic education should be the service of those minority group children who now occupy the changing neighborhoods in which an increasing proportion of the Catholic schools are located. Nor has effective use been made of the data available to Fr. McCluskey from the work of Ernest Bartell and others at Notre Dame's Office for Educational Research, findings which enable one to get some sense of who is willing to allocate how much resources to attain what kinds of educational outcomes. For those who are familiar with the work of Fr. McCluskey at Notre Dame, and the several hats he has been called upon to wear during the three years this book has been in preparation, the limited success of the volume can be partially explained. But they may find it as difficult as others not to be disappointed with a book which seemed to promise so much.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 475)

olution has no chance of success unless it catches fire on the popular side, not just on its working-class side."

Had even the PCF gone along with the students and the more militant workers, there is not a shred of evidence that France would now be a socialist country; because in order for that to have happened, there would have to have been (1) a much longer revolutionary process and more political preparation and formative experience (Gorz), and (2) a revolutionary party "to convince the majority of wage earners and salaried staff of the impossibility of reaching socialism by the parliamentary road" (Mandel).

All that one can conclude from the near-revolution of '68 in France is that the overthrow of the French government might very possibly have been unviolent. It is unwarranted to draw similar conclusions about the comparative bloodlessness of the overthrow of the capitalist system. We might even expect in such an event that there would be more bloodshed after than during the revolution. There would probably be a far more protracted struggle, and the revolutionary government would have to consolidate its gains and make for a transfer of power in the face of inevitable counter-revolutionary pressure from without and the recidivous elements from within its own ranks. It doesn't follow, of course, that all this would lead to a bloodbath, but at the same time it is important to realize that Staughton Lynd's fifth lesson on the possibility of unviolent revolution more likely applies to the overthrow of the government rather than to the more thorough-going transformation of bourgeois politics and capitalist economy, which is after all what we really mean by revolution.

A more likely lesson to be drawn from the abortive revolution has been suggested by Glucksmann: "The students invoked the spectre that haunts Europe [. . .] revolution. Another phantom accompanied it: the counter-revolution that is born of every impotent revolution."

WILLIAM O'CONNOR

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